

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1913.

SCHOOLS FOR FARMERS.

St. Joseph county is beginning to draw practical results from the employment of an agricultural expert and to realize that it has been fortunate in its choice. Mr. Bordner has been doing things from the very day he entered upon his duties.

Prejudice against what were termed by some scientific droids has practically disappeared from the county. Occasionally a farmer is found who thinks his father's ways and his grandfather's ways are good enough for him, but in the main farmers are hailing the advent of new ideas with great enthusiasm and manifest eagerness to avail themselves of every opportunity to enlarge their knowledge of scientific farming.

To these latter and eventually to all the agricultural schools to be conducted under the direction of Mr. Bordner will be heartily welcomed. The opportunity will come at the close of the present year's work when they will have time to give it the individual attention, and in time for the practical application next year.

St. Joseph county has taken an advanced position in the introduction of scientific methods of farming. Through individual effort and the work of organizations the farmers of this county have made marked progress before being one of the first, if not the first to secure the services of an agricultural expert.

The schools beginning in December will be marked by great efficiency. In addition to the regular course of instruction competent lecturers will be provided and subjects discussed by these men and Mr. Bordner will be illustrated with stereoscopic pictures and microscopic views. Farmers should begin at once to plan for attending every session of these schools.

READY TO VOTE.

The intricacies and difficulties of the income tax have been solved to the satisfaction of the senate caucus and with this impediment out of the way it is believed a vote on the tariff bill will be reached today at the latest.

Under the agreement reached the tax will range from one to seven per cent. The minimum income taxed is \$3,000. These figures are the results of compromises and are regarded as equitable. The persons who draw a salary or have an income from other sources amounting to \$4,000 or over is believed to owe the payment something in the way of a tax. Revenues from this source will make up to the government for loss of income in account of the reduction or abolition of tariff charges in the interest of lower cost of living for the average consumer whose income is considerably below the minimum fixed for taxation. This is an equalizing process which is calculated to remove burdens without inflicting injustice.

An income tax places a charge on those who can afford to pay it and produces revenue from a legitimate source which would otherwise escape. That it will not impose a hardship can be seen by calculating the tax on any given income. On an income of \$3,000 it will be \$30. On an income of \$500,000 it will be \$25,000. In neither case will the taxpayer suffer. The tax is generally recognized as a just one and will be a prolific source of revenue for the government. It places of those who are reaping the largest benefits the largest responsibilities.

SOME WAY.

In some way South Bend manages to maintain a good name abroad notwithstanding the untruthful and slanderous charges of immorality, debauchery and crime published on frequent occasions by a South Bend newspaper, which has become notorious as a chronic knocker of its own city.

In some way South Bend is known all over the country as one of the most progressive cities in the country and as a desirable home city in spite of the persistent efforts that have been made by the Tribune to create the impression abroad that this is not a good place to bring up children.

In some way new people continue to come to South Bend by the thousands every year to make it their home, because they can get employment here, because the city is advantageously situated for their business, because of good sanitary conditions, superior educational advantages, and exceptional church privileges and such fine moral influences for the young as the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

Some way, though they may have heard the scandals and slanders circulated by the Tribune, the people discover the falsity and injustice of them and come, and they are not here long before they discover the motives which actuate this defamer of the community that feeds it.

Some way—and we think we know the way—the people are going to

answer these columnies. They are going to answer them with their ballots at the November election.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.

I have often wondered why some one does not revive the negro minstrel performance so popular about 70 years ago. I mean the refined and almost classical performances as those given by the world famed Christy minstrels, not the buffonery, ragtime, and cracked voices of which we have had enough and to spare.

It was in 1842 in the city of Buffalo that the first performance of the Christy minstrels was given and proved such a success that imitations sprang up all over the country, some good, and some bad. One of the best was known as the Congo minstrels inaugurated by Charlie White in 1844 and two years later playing to crowded houses in New York. We have no one to compare now-a-days to George Harrington or George Christy, as he was billed when he joined the Christy minstrels. He speedily became the favorite of the footlights and his sayings and doings filled the newspapers and the jest book of the world. "Lucy Long" and the "Cachuca" as rendered by him were masterpieces and nightly convulsed overflowing houses with laughter.

Surely a revival of early minstrelsy would pay.

THE MYSTERY.

By Berton Bracey.

Life moves on its own strange fashion and nobody knows the reason why. Through love and laughter and calm and passion we wander on to the day we die; and busy worker and idle rover, the fool in motley, the sage in gray, have learned at last, when the game is over, no hint at all of the game they play.

We know the stars in their mighty courses, we know the secrets of the earth and air, we've harnessed the strength of nature's forces, the seas we conquer, the depths we dare; but the "why" of things is a secret buried from any sight of our seeking eyes, and life runs on with its chances varied and scarcely a reason that satisfies.

There's never a sage who can quite unuzzle the lips of fate with the word of truth, and the game goes on like an unsolved muddle, a mystic marvel to age and youth; we love or hate with a wealth of passion, we have our moment and then—we die, but life moves on in its own strange fashion, and nobody knows the reason why.

After a somewhat leisurely journey the tariff bill has arrived and may be expected to get by the senate this week. The country is about to reach a low tariff basis without a jolt or a jar.

Consult your own common sense as to whether the so-called citizens' movement as organized has any claim on you, unless you owe the Tribune, William Hays or Fred Keller something.

If old Sam Houston had been at El Paso when that Mex. made his personal attack on the United States no power on earth would have prevented him from walking across that bridge and giving Mexico a kick in the slats.

It is all right to observe democratic simplicity on ordinary occasions, Mr. President, but when one of the girls gets married take off the limit.

It is William Travers Jerome more than any other cause, that is putting the public sympathy in the Thaw case. Jerome makes it almost too much of a personal matter.

Help is needed at Hot Springs. Thousands of people have lost their homes and everything they had in the world. Contributions should be prompt.

The policeman that stopped the trolley car that might have struck the president had been in the way and made no effort to get out of it will expect nothing short of a job.

Yesterday's hero: The Washington policeman who stopped a trolley car that soon would pass the very point where Pres. Wilson crossed the street.

People who do not enjoy this beautiful summer weather in September are at perfect liberty to go to Arizona, where it has begun snowing.

Boards of health fight badly kept garbage cans and manure heaps because they are breeding places for flies.

That so-called citizens' movement force is becoming dreary, even for the managers.

DROWNS IN RIVER.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., Sept. 8.—Despondent because of illness and fearing she would become insane, Mrs. Eliza Barker, 52, a widow, committed suicide by drowning in the Ohio river. Her body was recovered.

THE RED BUTTON

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK

By WILL IRWIN

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(Continued from Saturday.)

But the spell was cracked; and Betsy-Barbara herself completed the break.

"Well, anyway," she said, pulling herself together, "the Spanish have no martial music like ours." And she struck up Scotts "Wha Hoo." Nor did music and conversation turn again to love songs. In fact, half an hour later Betsy-Barbara winged a hint which he caught mid-course, as he seemed to catch every delicate shaft of meaning. He rose and bade her a formal good night. "I hope I may sing with you again," he said at parting.

Betsy-Barbara went to her own room. She dangled over her preparations for undressing, making a dozen starts and stops. She was not sleepy; a hundred currents of thought were crossing and recrossing in her mind. So at last she threw a kimono over her evening gown and sat down at the window, maiden fashion, and thought.

To make no further mystery, the person who opened the front door and disturbed the tete-a-tete between Estrilla and Betsy-Barbara, was only Tommy North. He had been searching strenuously for a job. No mystery about that, either. The reason was Betsy-Barbara. The night's quest had failed. The fluid mercury of his disposition had fallen almost to absolute zero. In this mood, he unlocked the front door. The parlor was open; he heard the soft thrum of a guitar. Hungry for companionship, he crossed the thick hall carpet to the parlor door. He looked in and beheld Betsy-Barbara sitting with flushed cheeks and folded hands. It was the attitude of a woman who yields. Beside her sat the Estrilla person, strumming gently on a guitar and looking a million languors. With a movement that was an explosion, Tommy rushed out, slamming the front door behind him.

His feet, rather than his will, carried away. There was a saloon at the corner. As by instinct, Tommy rushed into it and ordered a glass of whisky—his first since the night of the Hanska murder. He shivered slightly when he drank it, as he always did at the new taste of raw whisky. A cab driver whom he knew rose up from the corner and greeted him respectfully. Tommy invited him to have a drink. The cab driver introduced him to the bartender. Tommy invited them both to have another drink. The bartender introduced a paper hanger. Tommy included him in the fourth drink. The bartender asked them to have one on the house. By this time, all was over with Tommy North's sobriety. In a period incredibly short, he fulfilled the tragic purpose for which he left the boarding house.

Now nearly as drunkard—and especially an amateur like Mr. Thomas North—has one latent peculiarity which comes out with intoxication. It is the homing instinct. He always sought his own bed when drunk, no matter how embarrassing the circumstances might be. An hour and a half he stood treat to the cabman, Tommy North, muttering over and

over to himself, "New life in new clime—wonderful plan of genius—" was weaving toward the select boarding house of Madame Rosalie De Grange. Laboriously he unlocked the door; painfully, and with occasional mutterings about a blasted life, he reached the first landing. And on that landing a door opened. Betsy-Barbara stood looking at him.

Yet curiously, as the gaslight caught her full, it was not upon Betsy-Barbara's shocked wide-open eyes that he fixed his gaze. He looked at her feet. Betsy-Barbara was wearing high-heeled velvet shoes with paste buckles. In the full light, they sparkled like real diamonds. Betsy-Barbara stepped back with woman's instinctive fear of a drunken man. So one of those slippers moved. Tommy, his eyes still toward the ground, clutched at it. The motion almost tumbled him over—did make him reel against the door post.

"Get it an' hold it," he said—"then discover murder."

"Mr. North—Mr. North!" exclaimed Betsy-Barbara and stood helpless, staring at this weird performance. His mind seemed to shift; he became aware of her as a person; and he struggled for articulation.

"Drunk!" he said. "Final disgrace—everything gone now!"

"Mr. North," said Betsy-Barbara, gathering her courage, "listen to me. If you wake people up tonight, they'll never forgive you. Now I'm going to lead you to your room. But you are to be perfectly silent. Do you understand?"

"I promise," said Tommy. "There! I spoke an' broke promise. Vista shattered promises."

"No, you didn't, but you will if you speak again."

Tommy solemnly closed his mouth with finger and thumb. She caught him under the arm as though to support him. He waved her away and started to make his own course up the stairs. Betsy-Barbara followed, her hands extended to give help in case of need. Though he sought aid of the banisters here and there, he navigated very well. At his own landing, Betsy-Barbara ran ahead, opened his door, switched on the electric light. Then returning, she pushed him in with a final:

"Good night—and please try to be quiet."

Betsy-Barbara returned to her floor. Mechanically, she turned into Constancia's room to make her customary last tour of inspection. Constancia had gone to bed—her breathing was deep and regular. Betsy-Barbara turned up the light, tiptoed over to her side. Constancia lay utterly relaxed—a Guinevere in sleep; her two heavy dark braids streaming over the counterpane. Her deep breathing seemed to indicate serenity of mind; but her mouth drooped, one cheek showed faint marks, and her eyelashes still glittered.

Betsy-Barbara had endured a day filled with as many varied emotions as it is generally given women to endure. She applied the best remedy that woman knows for surfeit of feeling. She took down her hair, undressed, and cried herself to sleep.

(To be Continued.)

Thaw's Nemeses



William Travers Jerome, whom Harry Thaw fears and hates more than any other living man.

LEATHER SHOP
124 N. MICHIGAN ST.
WHEN HELLER SAYS
IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK

ONE MAN'S DIET AND WHAT IT DID

Menu Called For Great Self Denial But It Saved Him From the Grave.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1913, by the Star Co.)
All about us are people complaining of the high cost of living, and of the ills which assail their bodily structures.

Philanthropists, reformers and economists are endeavoring to set right the wrongs of inflated prices for food.

Physicians and metaphysicians are trying to set right the human body. If the annoyances of both of the evils which disturb human peace can be avoided by the individual himself, through the law of self-control and scientific diet, all the world should know the method.

In an exchange a man writes an account of how he keeps his family in health and with appetites satisfied on an incredibly small sum of money. Three people live on two dollars a week, and enjoy the best of vigor. There has been no physician called in last seven years, and the bank account has grown steadily.

The diet prescribed by this man would call for great will power and continual self-denial on the part of most human beings.

It is a curious fact that even those men and women who believe themselves to be quite spiritual in their ideas of life, and who would be horrified to think any gross indulgence in their tastes, are yet unable to eliminate from their diet for any length of time the foods which they know to be injurious (or at least unnecessary to the sustaining of strength and health).

A very charming young woman, who is filled with high ideals of life, declared she would rather die and be done with it than force herself to give up her favorite foods and beverages (coffee in particular) in order to benefit her health.

It is the belief of many people that various kinds of food are necessary to the building up of a vigorous body and that a change of diet should be made frequently. Certainly a monotonous menu palls upon the appetite, and unless the following list of eatables could be changed and augmented to meet the needs of the body, it is not many of us who would be happy in our reports for any length of time.

Nevertheless, when a man makes such positive statements regarding the benefits resulting from such a diet, benefits to body and purse, it is worth considering. Let us listen to what he says:

Here's a well-balanced ration for one day. I eat only a little fruit for breakfast.

Breakfast—One apple or banana.

Dinner—One dish of home-made corn flakes, one dish of boiled wheat cereal, one dish of vegetable salad, two or three slices of whole wheat bread, one banana.

Supper—One dish of home-made wheat flakes, one dish of home-made hulled hominy, one baked potato, one dish of fruit salad, whole wheat or graham bread.

I suppose you will say that sounds monotonous, but I don't eat to gratify a discerning and whetted appetite. I eat to be strong and well and to supply my body with the foods that it really needs.

Nine years ago I was a wreck—worse than that, two doctors gave me from two to four months to live. The food elements needed by the body may be divided into seven classes—protein, starch, sugar, fats, salts, cellulose and water—and these again into about 19 different chemical elements, all of which are found just about the correct proportions.

No other food in the world equals wheat in perfection. I have lived on wheat in various forms, with about 10 per cent of nuts, for weeks at a time. I am careful about buying my supplies, so that they will cost me the least money. I have a flaking machine—you can buy one and make your own flakes at one cent a pound.

I buy the corn and wheat for flakes by the bushel, and watch for opportunities to buy the fruits and vegetables at lowest cost. The apples and bananas usually cost me about three cents a pound, and my bananas I always get dead ripe—just turning black, because they are best then.

I buy bread one or two days old at the rate of five for 10 cents, for nothing would induce me to eat new bread. Cabbage and many other vegetables I eat raw.

If I sometimes feel that I am not getting enough protein I add raw peanuts when I am making flakes and a little soaked and dried fruit, such as figs, raisins or dates, to make it a little more palatable.

And all I drink is water—but plenty of it—though never near meal time. Now, that is my rule for health, and that is what I eat. What do you say to it? If you could have seen me nine years ago and could see me now you would know there is something in it, for I am about the healthiest person you ever saw.

While the men and women who

THE MELTING POT

WHY SHOULD SHE?
A diaphanous clour,
And in the midst
She moved
Her supple limbs—in pairs,
Swinging rhythmically,
And scornful of the stars,
Her proud head bore
Her oriflame.
Obvious to all she did not
Caradram.

Corroborative Evidence.
"I casually remarked to my present wife," writes R. J. B., "that I had been amazed to see inner working of a handsome young woman in a diaphanous gown, when she replied, 'Well what of it?'"

WE welcomed the return to our midst of the crown hat with the small bow in the back. It recalls many pleasant memories.

The Sleuth Double Crossed.
(Logansport Pharos-Reporter.)
That mysterious woman who has been trying to hand a certain physician a bunch is still after him. Yesterday she called up over the phone and gave us some "news" about him. We tried to find out her phone number, but the operator blocked the game.

"I wear but these garments," says a St. Louis woman, "a waist, a skirt and a union suit." But why burden herself with a waist and a skirt in a hot place like St. Louis?

Sticking Close to Her Work.

"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the praise of doing more work than any young woman in my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Wt.

WE did not sit up last night to see the new Metcalf comet. Did you? We noticed its right ascension is six hours and 50 minutes and its declination 57 degrees. That angle always gives us a crick in the neck.

SAND IN HIS COOP.

Or How a Muncie Man Broke Into the Lamelight.
(Columbia City Post.)
Ever since that time he has relished

on sand as his cure for gastritis, and it has never once failed him, and so far as he has been able to determine the sand has never done him a particle of harm. He claims that the sand furnishes the teeth for digestion and that the acid liberated from the sand by the action of the stomach fluids is beneficial. Former Congressman Cromer, of Muncie, and Harry W. Long, another Muncie man, were let into the sand secret by Fitzgibbons, and in each case it proved efficacious. Eventually the cure was confided to a newspaper man and the affair struck him as being a fit subject for a newspaper article, and in this manner it became public, and it is said that Fitzgibbons will have to hire a secretary to answer the letters that are pouring in on him, inquiring what sort of sand he uses, whether raw, or boiled, or baked, and whether coarse or fine, brown or white. His directions are simple. He uses a round lake sand about as coarse as a pinhead and bakes it to kill any germ, holding it just a good at baking, and it can be taken warm or cold. This in short is the sand cure for gastritis.

(Concluded From Yesterday.)

THOSE western people do the most original things. For example, it is a penal offense in Strong City, Kan., for mules to bray at night and keep people awake, and the owners of the mules have to pay the fines. They will be looking for the man who takes the crows out of the rooster.

TRUST a woman to find some way of getting even with her enemy. The passion is so strong in death it caused Matilda Tommet of Milwaukee to bequeath a pair of old shoestrings to an enemy she despised.

"AN awful blow has fallen upon our family," said of our neighbors. "Our cook and nursemaid are leaving at one fell swoop."

CERTAINLY a calamity, but think of the poor women and girls who are wearing their velvet hats with white dresses.

C. N. F.

are enjoying good health may not feel interested in this menu, it should be clipped and saved and tried by the many dyspeptics who are paying useless money for patent medicines and feeing doctors with no results.

Poor people who are trying to sustain life on cheap food badly cooked, and who find the food trusts an insurmountable obstacle to economy could not do better than to give this diet a fair trial for a few months.

Health and a good bank account may result, two great factors in happiness.

ANDERSON, Ind., Sept. 7.—William W. Brown, trustee of Greene township, was brought from the county jail to the county auditor's office to meet the advisory board of Greene township, of which he is trustee. The advisory board has not yet fixed the levy for 1914 for Greene township because of a dispute over an \$18,000 schoolhouse at Ingalls. Brown has been in jail since July 9, being charged with the murder of Constable Hawkins.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—Miss Nellie Shaffnus, 22, of 502 Liberty st., Lima, O., narrowly escaped death when she attempted to leap aboard the steamer City of Chicago as it was pulling out of dock. Miss Shaffnus fell into the river between the boat and the pier. M. Burk, an official of the boat, leaped into the water after her and both were dragged onto the dock by a policeman. The girl was revived and taken to a hospital. Miss Shaffnus intended going to St. Joseph, Mich., to visit relatives.

Strengthen Weak Kidneys
Don't suffer longer with weak kidneys. You can get prompt relief by taking Electric Bitters, that wonderful remedy praised by women everywhere. Start with a bottle to-day, you will soon feel like a new woman with ambition to work without fear of pain.

Mr. John Dowling of San Francisco writes:—"Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters prompts me to write. It cured my wife when all else failed." Good for the liver as well. Nothing better for indigestion or biliousness. Price 50c, and \$1.00 at All Druggists. Adv.



No Bugaboos Down Cellar

Children can save you many tedious steps; but the tired mother hates to send a child into a dark cellar, and children dislike to go there.

No cellar need be dark now-a-days, to terrify children and worry older people. A ray of sunshine from an

Edison Mazda Lamp

conveniently located in the cellar-way will brighten the darkest cellar at the mere touch of a switch.

The new low wattage Edison Mazda Lamps are the most economical lamps for cellar-ways, halls, closets and other parts of the house which need light only intermittently for brief periods at a time. Try a few and realize their convenience.

Every dark corner can be safely lighted with Electric Light. It is the most economical light to be had. Let us give you a figure on wiring your home. Our home wiring proposition is the most attractive ever offered in the city.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 W. Colfax Avenue

Is This Why English Beauties Are So Fair?

(From London Herald.)
Ever since the discovery that mercurized wax would absorb and remove a soiled complexion, its use by ladies as a substitute for toilet creams has grown rapidly. A perfect complexion can be maintained indefinitely if this remarkable substance is used. Its beneficial cleansing, purifying and preservative action is quickly apparent, and ladies who have been paying as high as a guinea a jar for "special cream" from beauty specialists, soon recognize that mercurized wax outranks them all. It has become so popular that it can be obtained at all chemist shops in the British Isles. American druggists also have great demand for it, in original one-ounce packages. The favorite way of using it is to apply it, like cold cream, before retiring, washing it off in the morning.

The sallow skin for wrinkles and the facial contour has also become extremely popular. One ounce powdered sallowite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel, bathing the face in the bath a splendid effect in erasing wrinkles and improving contour.—Advertisement.

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